

Magazine Feature Section

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD

is Finest Motion Picture Star

Four Years of Success Reviewed

in A. H. Giebler's Latest Story

Breaking Into the Movies, a Star's Diary

THE housewarming we gave at Aunt Luella's turned out to be a farewell party, because in a very short time thereafter we were packing our trunks to go to California, where we have been ever since, with the exception of a trip east that Karl and I made last summer, when we brought Aunt Luella and Karl's little girl back home with us.

It is now four years since the night that Myra and I decided to break into the movies. We have done what we set out to do, but neither of us want to take too much credit for what we have done, because we know we were the children of circumstances in many cases, and luck played an important part in all the upward steps we have taken.

Myra said to me the other day, "Kid, we'd have a fat chance doing now what we did then. We certainly broke into this game when the breaking was good."

Myra's remark was occasioned by an extra large number of letters from girls who want to be movie actresses and who came to the studio that day.

Myra was right. If conditions in the picture industry had been the same then as now, there is no doubt but that she would still be selling goods at the 5 and 10 cent store, and I would still be doing shirt waists in the hand laundry.

All the roads leading to the studios are crowded and overflowing with people from the regular stage, and my advice to the hundreds of girls who are trying to get in the studios is Don't. Unless you have experience, money or powerful friends to help along, the task is hopeless and heart-breaking.

When Mr. Merton went out to California, after his wife—whom he had thought to be dead—had turned up so unexpectedly at the studio, he met up with an old friend who had made a lot of money in the mining business, but who now wanted to be a motion picture producer.

Mr. Madison, the miner, was to furnish the capital and Merton the brains and experience.

They let contracts for a small studio to be built in Hollywood, a suburb of Los Angeles, and Mr. Merton went back to New York to arrange for distribution of the pictures, and to make contracts with stars, which were, of course, Myra, Karl Fisher and little me.

We had one of our powwows. Mr. Merton told us his plans; how he had the chance to make pictures just as he thought they should be made.

Karl got Madame to release him from his contract, and went right back with Merton, and Myra and I followed him three weeks later, two weeks of which time it took her to get over the "pink polka dots," as she called the measles, which she contracted from one of the wardrobe girls who came to our party.

When we got to the coast we did not wait for the studio to be finished, but recruited a stock company from the ten thousand and one players who were besieging every producer on the coast, and started right in to making pictures.

We tried comedies, at first, because they required few interior scenes. We worked on the streets and parks of Los Angeles and anywhere that we could. What few interiors we had to have we managed by renting the use of a studio at night.

Our little picture plant was successful almost from the start. We never have made any great big pictures, with a thousand actors and 500 horses, but we have turned out a steady stream of nice, clean comedies and heart-interest dramas—the kind of films the public likes—and we have made money.

Our company was affiliated with a distributing concern about a year after its organization, and we lost our identity as far as a studio name was concerned, as all the products of a number of different plants are distributed under a general trade name. But our own little company is still intact.

Mr. Madison, the miner, sold out his interest at the time of the merger. Mr. and Mrs. George Merton are the chief owners, but Mr. and Mrs. Karl Fisher, bless their lives, own a nice little bunch of stock.

The names of Myra, Merton and Karl are not real. Neither are they stage names. I have just used them because we decided at the beginning that we would keep our identity a secret.

Myra took a stage name early in her career. I tried to talk her out of this, contending that her own name was fine—as it was. She thinks so now, and said, not fifteen minutes ago.

"I might just as well have advertised Wilton Sprinkles, and made the name of Agatha Wilton a household word as this fancy handle I am wearing."

My husband, whose real name is much nicer sounding than Fisher, uses it. The same is true of Mr. Merton.

Me? I just had to take a stage name, and for the most peculiar reason in the world! My real name was too stagey—it sounded so theatrical that no one would have believed it to be real.

My family name is Augustine, and my parents, neither of whom I ever saw, christened me Gwendolyn Gwendolyn Augustine! Could anyone imagine a name like that?

We all love it out here on the coast. Aunt Luella keeps house for Karl and me, and we have our own automobile and a chauffeur, whom Luella calls "that Japanese," to run it for us.

Myra and George Merton live in an apartment in Los Angeles, but they spend most of their time with us.

We are a regular happy family at the studio. There are two stock companies, comprising about thirty-five persons.

Mr. Brooks, who was so kind to Myra and me in the early days, is making a big twelve-reel production for an Eastern concern about a mile from our studio. He comes in to see us very often.

Lily Parsons, the Russian dancer whom he married at the Acme plant, is touring the country at the head of a big company. She writes Brooks a letter every day, and calls him "dear old baldhead" and "my fat sweetheart."

Brooks shows us the letters and is as happy as a child over them. They have been married more than three years, and are a very devoted couple.

Oh, but I would like to write a book—a long book—just about the people of the stage and screen, and correct the wrong impression so many people seem to have. The public never hears anything but the scandal and the bad things that happen to stage people; they never know of the good things and the happiness and love and devotion of the right kind of stage people whose name is legion.

ANSWERS TO MOTION PICTURE FANS

MAMMOTH SPRINGS—Creighton Hale has been playing in musical comedy for the last few months, but he is now back with Pathé, 25 West Forty-fifth street, New York. Dave was the Laughing Mask. Crane Wilbur and George Ovey are with Horesley, Los Angeles, Cal. Do you mean Jack Mulhall? He is with Universal, and is married.

LILLIE—It is not permissible for you to take a plot from a book for a photoplay—the book is nearly always copyrighted, and you would get into trouble. If you have never had any experience in writing photoplays you had better put your story in synopsis form. Just tell it in a very simple manner, using no dialogue.

HILLARD—Why do we call some pictures photoplays? That's easy. A photo "play" tells a story. A news weekly, a pictograph, an educational or a scientific film is not a photoplay. It is just a moving picture. See the difference? Mary Pickford's real name was Gladys Mary Smith before she adopted the name of Pickford for screen purposes, and the name of Moore for family and home use—she is Mrs. Owen Moore, you know. Edna Goodrich is now with Mutual.

EDDIE—Eddie Polo joined the Universal in 1914, but he had been a circus performer practically all his life before that. William Russell went on the stage at the age of 8, and began playing in pictures in 1911.

This Little Girl, Who Is a Big Star, Has Many Daring Exploits to Her Credit, Among Them the Riding of Iron Mask

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD, or Col. Kathleen Clifford, if you please, is not only one of the newest screen stars, but she is the tiniest.

This girl, who has just forsaken the vaudeville

stage for the studio, is the smallest grown-up star appearing before the screen. Miss Clifford tips the hay scales at exactly 55 pounds, but what she lacks in avoidability she makes up in poise of another kind and a list of accomplishments that would have taxed the nerve of a great big girl to acquire.

Some one must have told her that her size might be a handicap, and she set out to gather a few other things in the way of attainments

that, while they would not increase her stature, they would improve her status.

Here are a few of the things this little star can do, and do them well. She can dance like a fairy. Dancing was her business before she "joined out" with the pictures. She can paint, ride horseback, write songs and sing them herself.

Miss Clifford rode Iron Mask after the Jockey Gans had been killed, and the beast was so

bad that no one else would approach him.

She is said to have the prettiest clothes in vaudeville, and she says she has brought them along with her to the movies. She is now at work at the Balboa studios at Long Beach, Cal., on a new Pathé serial called The Iron Thread, and they say that she will need all of her daring and nerve to go through with some of the stunts her directors have figured out for her to do in the new films.

Here Are New, First-Class Films to Be Released This Week

GEORGE M. COHAN comes over to movies, Broadway Jones initial offering.

Sessue Hayakawa, Japanese actor, strong in Stevenson's Bottle Imp. Florence Reed digs into ancient history, brings Lucretia Borgia to the screen—gets away with it.

Charles Richman and Anita Stewart in heart-interest drama. Anita gets married in big scene and \$900 worth of clothes.

Seena Owen has feminist play that will make suffragettes think. Thurlow Bergen brings The Lottery Man from the stage.

Mabel Taliaferro is wife in name only for four and a half reels—close-up of happy pair and unlocked door at end.

George Walsh, who looks just as much like an actor as before that hair-cut, registers strong in play of high finance.

House Peters and Myrtle Stedman in fine drama.

Gerda Holmes, Frank Mills and Gail Kane all register in good parts.

Last and least in point of size, but as big as anybody in popularity, Baby Marie Osborne strikes another ten in beautiful story. Told at Twilight.

Triangle: A Woman's Awakening—All followers of the feminist movement should be interested in this film. The story of the play, while not an argument for the suffragettes, and not an argument against them, has much that will interest and enlighten all, no matter what they may think. The plot of the film is strongly dramatic and full of what critics like to call tense moments. Seena Owen plays the part of "Paula Letchworth," a girl who had been reared in an atmosphere where no

part of "Crispy Deselden" Richman, of course, is the hero. One of the most impressive scenes in the film is that of an elaborate wedding. The bride and groom and all of the guests' costumes were made to order for the picture.

Metro: The Barricade—In this feature Mabel Taliaferro has the part of a woman who marries a man to be revenged on him because of a business rivalry between the man and her father. She accomplishes her husband's ruin and then finds that he had befriended her father and kept him from failure. Clifford Bruce has the role of the husband, and the veteran actor, Frank Currier, is the father.

Selznick: The Eternal Sin—Florence Reed comes back to the screen after an absence of more than a year in this dramatic offering. Miss Reed is supported by William E. Shay, and the play, which is based on the life of Lucretia Borgia, and the piping times of intrigue, plot and counter plot that obtained at that time of the world's activities, gives these two able players every opportunity of showing the mettle of their art, which past records testify to be of very high caliber and quality. Herbert Brenon directed and staged the picture.

McClure: The Seventh Sin—The six episodes of the Seven Deadly Sins series that have been shown have all had names. There were Envy,

Pride, Greed, Passion, Wrath and Sloth, but the Seventh Sin has been kept secret, and the public has no inkling of the character of the story. George Le Guere and Charlotte Walker will have the leading parts, and all the players who were featured in the first films will have important roles in the last one, making it an all-star cast. The Seventh Sin is said to be the strongest subject of the entire lot and one that will bring the remarkable series to a fitting and logical close.

Universal: Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea—Julius Verne's romance, that has thrilled the readers of two generations, has been made into a picture play, and the young and old boys of the present year may see the story of "Capt. Nemo" and his mysterious craft after revenge worked out by living actors. The film people went to a great deal of expense and made a most elaborate film for the story, and many of the scenes have been staged under water, by aid of the Williamson Brothers' submarine method of photography. Allan Holubar and Jane Gail have the leading parts in the drama.

Fox: High Finance—Stories of modern business are always interesting and thrilling, more so at times than the most vivid melodrama that could be produced. George Walsh, who has a somewhat difficult chief part in the drama of high finance, makes a most satisfying characterization of it. There is entertainment, many

tense moments and much that is enlightening in the story, which has been treated with the usual Fox carefulness as to detail, local color and direction.

Artcraft: Broadway Jones—George M. Cohan makes his moving-picture debut in this film adaptation of his regular stage success. A great many stage plays do not hold down very well in the movies, but the story of the young spendthrift, whose sole ambition is to own Broadway by buying it up, one cafe at a time, and who is afterwards reformed by the bright young woman manager of his father's chewing gum factory, makes mighty good photoplay material. Mr. Cohan is as irrepressible as ever, and from the looks of "Broadway Jones," George Cohan, who has made good as an actor, playwright, manager and producer, is going to register again as a screen performer. Marguerite Snow plays opposite Mr. Cohan.

Pallas: How Men Love—A story of modern courtship and love-making. House Peters and Myrtle Stedman interpret the leading parts in a drama that has a strictly cosmopolitan tone. Many of the scenes of the film occur in luxurious cafes, and in order to get the proper local color, photographs of one of New York's most celebrated gilded palaces was photographed from all angles and the pictures used

as models for sets which were made up in the studios. Jack W. Johnson and Helen Jerome Eddy are also in the cast and add much to the entertaining quality of the film.

Mutual: Sunny Jane—This delightful comedy-drama brings Jackie Saunders back to the screen after a year's absence. Miss Saunders, always a great favorite with the younger film lovers, will no doubt be eagerly welcomed in the new play, which suits her and her temperament and personality in every way. Sunny Jane is the first of a series of six five-reel photoplays that Miss Saunders will be seen in on the Mutual program. The plays are all of the lighter type, but with lots of snap and thrill to them.

Bluebird: The Gift Girl—In this film Louise Lovely is a young English girl brought up by a Persian, who rescued her from the jungle just after her parent's death, when she was a small child. When she is of marriageable age her foster father picks out what he thinks is a desirable husband for her in the shape of a perfectly good and perfectly rich merchant of Persia. But Miss Lovely says, "I'm too fat," and runs away to France, where, after many adventures, she finds a much nicer and a much thinner husband. Rupert Julian and Emory Johnson support Miss Lovely in the film.